Countless Mercies

1. Are you heavily laden and with sorrow tried?
Stop and look to Jesus, Helper, Friend and Guide;
Think of all His mercies; such a boundless store!
Tears will change to praises as you count them o'er.

2. Think of hidden dangers He hath brought you thru;
Think of all the burdens He hath borne for you;
Count His words of comfort in your deepest need;
Count the times when Jesus proved a Friend indeed.

3. Does your pathway dark'en 'neath a cloud of fear?
Count your many mercies; dry each bitter tear.
Even 'mid the shadows trust Him without fear;
"Home will be the sweeter for the dark down here."

4. As He looks from heaven now on you and me,
Don't you know He chooseth what each day shall be?
Trust His loving wisdom, tho' the hot tears start,
Give to Him the incense of a grateful heart.
Countless Mercies

Countless mercies! Such a boundless store!

Countless mercies! Pressed and running o'er!

Countless mercies! Try to count them o'er

Till you gaze in wonder at your boundless store.